

November 18, 1917  
Houston, TX  
9:30 p.m.  
3 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts  
210 West Tenth Street  
Dallas, Texas

Dearest Gainor,

Honey, what is the matter? What did I say or how was it that I wrote in my last letter? I knew something was going to happen, but, honey, just don't forget what you want to ask me to promise you and don't lose courage. I don't think you ought to anyway. I sure will be glad when you get here. You don't know how bad I want to see you. I guess you are getting tired of hearing that, but it is the truth anyway. Why just two weeks from today we will be down at the depot, and you will be going back home and I will have to stay here for three weeks yet, but that won't be quite so bad especially since I have seen you for a few days anyway.

I am not going to have to be with the Co. at all Thanksgiving. The only formation I am going to have to attend will be Reveille and from there I am going to the H and TC depot. Oh it simply sounds to (sic) good to be true. I am going to get to be with you all through the game, but, honey, if I get up and act as though I am crazy while the game is going on, don't get worried because that sure is liable to happen.

We can have a party all our own – you and Ethel and Bess (that's all I know about her, she may come down from San Antonio, John has ask her to) Boo and Joen and I. Maybe brother will come down, but I doubt it. He said he would if he could. Honey, don't you get tired of hearing nothing but football and A&M, but absolutely that is all we talk about and all we think about. No matter who sees you in town and knows you they will start talking about the Thanksgiving game. I only hope, also, that it is as pretty weather as it has been for the other games. It really rained for the first time this term last night, just so it doesn't keep it up.

The team just got back from New Orleans where they defeated Tulane 16 – 0. Of course, now A&M beat them 35 – 0, but that was at College Station. Coach saw the game and says Tulane has the best team. Tulane has kicked severely about that game up there anyway. Their coach brought the team out on the field at 2:30 and the A&M coach wouldn't bring his out until 4:30. Tulane claims that they lost the game then because their pep simply left them. That's not an alibi because we didn't beat them more than A&M.

I guess you all will have a good time today. I know you will enjoy yourself for me because I'm not going to have. I've got to study all day as usual. But then it is a good day to study because it is cloudy and sorter dreary like, a good day to get the blues but here's hoping. I haven't any reason to anyway. Got your letter this morning when I wasn't even expecting one. It sure was a pleasant surprise.

The ROTC is the Reserve Officer's Training Corps. I should say it is military, but then so is everything else. I think before long they are going to give commands when we can take a bite of something and when we can swallow it, etc.

I am not certain who wrote that article in the Thresher. It's rather hard to say who has charge of things out here. There are so many of them, but Dr. Lovett, the Committee on Examination and Standing, and Capt. Regan are the main ones. The Capt. is always on our side, but of course he can't overrule the president. If they don't know that we are not satisfied, they sure are blind. That article has already begun to do a little good. They have cut the guard down to two reliefs. Of course, they are longer but the men don't go on as often. Oh I guess things will finally work out alright. Whenever, the guard asks us if we are alright and we say no then it is up to him to find out what the trouble is. You ought to hear some of the things we tell him.

Well, I'll have to go back to football since a new man has just joined my Co. Do you know a boy named nash. I don't know what his first name is. He lives on Auter Street, and plays quarterback. He sure is a fine fellow. In the Texas game, he sure showed what he could do.

I should say that I do wish that I was back in Dallas, but not working and not at Dorsey's. Not that I mean that I want to loaf, but I don't care to go back to work there. They treat me awful nice. I couldn't get better treatment. They let me do almost as I please, and if I had remained there instead of coming to school again. I could be making what would now seem like a whole lot of money, but I believe that there are other things in this world besides money. I never will have any anyway. I'm to (sic) liberal with it. (But, born and raised in Dallas so what do we care.)

I phoned Ethel the other night, but she wasn't home, and I haven't had a chance since, that is when I think she would be at home.

Well, don't forget what you want to ask me and tell me what is wrong, dear, won't you?

With lots of love,

Otto